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NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES



An Anthology in Miniature of
LOVE SONGS

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LUTE, LYRE AND LOTUS
MINITHOLOGIES

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NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES





NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES



An Anthology in Miniature of **LOVE SONGS**

Decorations by William Littlewood



KNIGHTS PRESS Ltd
Northwood, Middlesex



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NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES



NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO
HIS LOVE

COME live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That valleys, groves, hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers and a kirtle
Embroidered all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair-lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold;

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

ROSALINE

LIKE to the clear in highest sphere
 Where all imperial glory shines,
 Of selfsame colour is her hair
 Whether unfolded or in twines:
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
 Resembling heaven by every wink;
 The gods do fear when as they glow,
 And I do tremble when I think
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
 That beautifies Aurora's face,
 Or like the silver crimson shroud
 That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace.
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
 Her lips are like two budded roses
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
 Within whose bounds she balm encloses
 Apt to entice a deity:
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck like to a stately tower
 Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
 To watch for glances every hour
 From her divine and sacred eyes:
 Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
 Her paps are centres of delight,
 Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
 Where Nature moulds the dew of light
 To feed perfection with the same:
 Heigh ho, would she were mine!

NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES



NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Nature herself her shape admires;
The gods are wounded in her sight;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light:
Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosaline,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine:
Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!
Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she
were mine!

THOMAS LODGE

SONNET

THEY made the chamber sweet with flowers
and leaves,
And the bed sweet with flowers on which I lay;
While my soul, love-bound, loitered on its way.
I did not hear the birds about the eaves,
Nor hear the reapers talk among the sheaves:
Only my soul kept watch from day to day,
My thirsty soul kept watch for one away:—
Perhaps he loves, I thought, remembers, grieves.
At length there came a step upon the stair,
Upon the lock the old familiar hand:
Then first my spirit seemed to scent the air
Of Paradise; then first the tardy sand
Of time ran golden: and I felt my hair
Put on a glory, and my soul expand.

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI



HOW HAPPY COULD I BE WITH EITHER

HOW happy could I be with either
Were t'other dear charmer away;
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word will I say,
Ri tol de rol lol de rol li do. etc.

The Beggars Opera—MR. JOHN GAY

DIAPHENIA

DIAPHENIA, like the daffadowndilly,
 White as the snow, fair as the lily,
 Heigh ho, how I do love thee!
 I do love thee as my lambs
 Are beloved of their dams—
 How blest were I if thou wouldst prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,
 That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
 Fair sweet, how I do love thee!
 I do love thee as each flower
 Loves the sun's life-giving power:
 For, dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,
 When all thy praises are expressed,
 Dear joy, how I do love thee!
 As the birds do love the spring,
 Or the bees their careful king—
 Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me.

HENRY CHETTLÉ





THAT FLOWERS WOULD BLOOM

THAT flowers would bloom, or that green fruit
 would swell
 To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
 The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
 The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones,
 The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
 Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet
 If human soul did never kiss and greet?

JOHN KEATS

TO PHILLIS TO LOVE, AND LIVE
WITH HIM

LIVE, live with me, and thou shalt see
 The pleasures Ile prepare for thee:
 What sweets the Country can afford
 Shall blesse thy Bed, and blesse thy Board.
 The soft sweet Mosse shall be thy bed,
 With crawling Woodbine over-spread:
 By which the silver-shedding streames
 Shall gently melt thee into dreames:
 Thy clothing next, shall be a Gowne
 Made of the Fleeces purest Downe.
 The tongues of Kids shall be thy meate;
 Their Milke thy drinke; and thou shalt eate
 The Paste of Filberts for thy bread
 With Cream of Cowslips butterèd:
 Thy Feasting-Tables shall be Hills
 With Daisies spread, and Daffadils;
 Where thou shalt sit, and Red-brest by,
 For meat, shall give thee melody.
 Ile give thee Chaines and Carkanets
 Of Primroses and Violets
 A Bag and Bottle thou shalt have;
 That richly wrought, and This as brave;
 So that as either shall expresse
 The Wearer's no meane Shepheardesse.
 At Sheering-times, and yearely Wakes,
 When Themilis his pastime makes,
 There thou shalt be; and be the wit,
 Nay more, the Feast, and grace of it.
 On Holy-dayes, when Virgins meet
 To dance the Heyes with nimble feet;
 Thou shalt come forth, and then appeare
 The Queen of Roses for that yeere.
 And having danc't ('bove all the best)
 Carry the Garland from the rest.



In Wicker-baskets Maids shal bring
 To thee, (my dearest Shepharling)
 The blushing Apple, bashfull Peare,
 And shame-fac't Plum, (all simp'ring there):
 Walk in the Groves, and thou shalt find
 The name of Phillis in the Rind
 Of every straight, and smooth-skin tree;
 Where kissing that, Ile twice kiss thee.
 To thee a Sheep-hook I will send,
 Be-pranckt with Ribbands, to this end,
 This, this alluring Hook might be
 Lesse for to catch a sheep, then me.
 Thou shalt have Possets, Wassails fine.
 Not made of Ale, but spiced Wine;
 To make thy Maids and selfe free mirth,
 All sitting near the glitt'ring Hearth.
 Thou sha't have Ribbands, Roses, Rings,
 Gloves, Garters, Stockings, Shooes and
 Strings
 Of winning Colours, that shall move
 Others to Lust, but me to Love.
 These (nay) and more, thine own shall be.
 If thou wilt love and live with me.

ROBERT HERRICK

NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES

WHO IS SYLVIA?

WHO is Sylvia? what is she?
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia, let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us Garlands bring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

A DITTY

MY true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given:
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides:
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY



UPON LOVE

I PLAID with Love, as with the fire
The wanton Satyre did;
Nor did I know, or co'd descry
What under there was hid.

That Satyre he but burnt his lips;
(But mine's the greater smart)
For kissing Love's dissembling chips,
The fire scorcht my heart.

ROBERT HERRICK



SWEET-AND-TWENTY

O MISTRESS mine, where are you roaming?
 O, stay and hear! your true love's coming,
 That can sing both high and low.
 Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
 Journey's end in lovers meeting,
 Every wise man's son doth know.
 What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
 Present mirth hath present laughter;
 What's to come is still unsure:
 In delay there lies no plenty;
 Then come kiss me, sweet-and-twenty!
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

NIGHTINGALES' TONGUES

IT WAS A LOVER AND HIS LASS

IT was a Lover, and his lass
With a hey, and a ho, and hey nonino!
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding:
Sweet Lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty Country folks would lie:
This Carol they began that hour,
How that life was but a Flower:

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino!
For love is crowned with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When Birds do sing, hey ding a ding:
Sweet Lovers love the Spring.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE





LOVE IN HER SUNNY EYES

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray;
And sows and reap a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love's always seen;
But, oh, he never went within.

ABRAHAM COWLEY

ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL

LOVE in my bosom like a bee
 Doth suck his sweet:
 Now with his wings he plays with me,
 Now with his feet.
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
 His bed amidst my tender breast;
 My kisses are his daily feast,
 And yet he robs me of my rest:
 Ah! wanton, will ye?
 And if I sleep, then percheth he
 With pretty flight,
 And makes his pillow of my knee
 The livelong night.
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;
 He music plays if so I sing;
 He lends me every lovely thing,
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting:
 Whist, wanton, still ye!
 Else I with roses every day
 Will whip you hence,
 And bind you, when you long to play,
 For your offence.
 I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in;
 I'll make you fast it for your sin;
 I'll count your power not worth a pin.
 Alas! what hereby shall I win
 If he gainsay me?
 What if I beat the wanton boy
 With many a rod?
 He will repay me with annoy,
 Because a god.
 Then sit thou safely on my knee;
 Then let thy bower my bosom be;
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee;
 O Cupid, so thou pity me,
 Spare not, but play thee!

THOMAS LODGE



WARNING TO CUPID

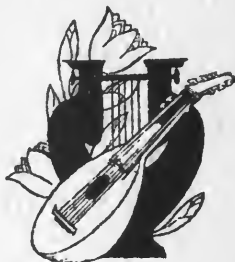
COME thou not neere those men, who
are like Bread
O're-leaven'd; or like Cheese o're-renetted.
ROBERT HERRICK



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MAX CROMBIE



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